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252 Several fires were burning, and over them there were pots containing turtle eggs. Several large turtles and small crocodiles were broiling over a fire. The shells of the turtles and the hides of the crocodiles had not been removed, and for a moment we thought that they were being cooked alive, but soon discovered that they had been killed before being placed over the fire. There was little else to be seen. It was easy to understand the reaction of the casual traveler who, upon coming in contact with a primitive group, stops, looks, and goes away quickly with the impression that there is nothing there more than the glance takes in.

123 609 On approaching the camp, Pedro, the guide, shouted words of greeting in Yaruro, "keramai" (brother-in-law). He patted some of them on the back, asked after their health in Spanish, called everyone brother or sister-in-law, and tried to make himself generally agreeable. Maria busied herself with the women. The Yaruros' only response to their demonstrations of friendship was to extend their arms half-heartedly, in a llanero gesture of greeting, and to answer their questions monosyllabically.

In spite of our friendly overtures they would not accept me as friend or guest. They remained reserved and aloof. The young man pointed out as the headman resisted my attempt to draw him into conversation. The Yaruros watched us closely, taking in our least movement, and only averted their gazes when we looked directly at them. If one has never come in contact with South American primitives before, such a reception is decidedly disheartening.

123 522 An accident relieved some of the tension. I picked up a bow. Choosing the remnants of an old basket about 50 feet away for a target, I took careful aim and shot the arrow. I missed by more than 10 feet. The eyes watching me lighted with amusement and contempt, for it was inconceivable to them that anyone could exist in this world without knowing how to shoot a bow better than that. I shot again and this time I came within 6 inches of hitting my mark, a feat which aroused some interest. I placed another arrow on the bow, raised it, pulled back the string, as far back as my ear, and then, with a loud snap, the bow broke. Laughter greeted this exploit, not so much directed at me as at the owner of the bow who had spent several days fashioning it. He was adequately compensated but that did not remove his feeling of resentment.

123 That evening we again visited the camp. The camp fires were low, so we were scarcely able to see our way about. Pedro and Maria sang out cheery greetings, while we picked our way between scarcely distinguishable groups of humanity and piles of debris. A few grunts and a few indifferent gestures of greeting were the only acknowledgments of our presence. Even the distribution of several yards of tobacco failed to melt their reserve. They did, however, put up a

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521 performances would be given which would last until sunrise. Therefore there was an intense exchange of ideas for relatively long times with no rest.

361 The time came when Landaeta became a little restless. He was not accustomed to camping on one spot for more than two or three days at a time and he himself had done no hunting since I had joined them. Besides, the men and women had to forage farther and farther away for food. If my physical condition had permitted, it would have been well to continue living with them, moving from place to place, as is normal.

123 152 However, I knew I had to return to civilization quickly. The effect of my announcement on my hosts was interesting, and touching. It will be recalled that I had appeared in their midst as a stranger and a potential enemy and it was through a fortuitous event that I was accepted by them, not only as a friend but as a relative who worshipped the same gods. Since then I had actually been given an affectionate place in their emotional lives and they were sorry to see me go. They understood the reasons that were making it urgent for me to leave, especially understandable was the fact that my "wife and child" who had not seen me for many months were waiting for me to return. Nevertheless, they expressed sorrow, a certain amount of listlessness began to appear and they would come to me and sit by my side, telling me that they would be a rather lonesome people after I had gone; that they liked to talk about religious matters, and that when I would no longer be there with them they would have no one to talk things over with. This attitude affected the men and women in a very curious way. We had very little food in the camp, but still they would not go out and gather fresh quantities. And when I urged them to do so they answered that the knowledge of my coming departure made them very sad, and consequently they did not have the proper spirit to gather food, or even to eat.

609 511 These people have very little in the way of excess goods. Each family has a few baskets, perhaps a water jar, a mat or two, scraps of clothing and their tools, nothing more. And these generally were in very poor condition from long use. Knowing that I wanted to take back with me some of these things, they became busy weaving hammocks, making basketry and even pottery, so that I would take back to my "wife and child" objects new and well-made. This reaction on their part was spontaneous and they all expressed the idea that I should take back with me only new, well-made articles to remember them by; so for about a week before my departure there was intense activity around camp.

The day of my departure finally arrived and I said good-bye. There was no ceremonial wailing as had attended my departure from the

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Yawalapiti village in Brazil; but the very silence was expressive of the mutual sorrow at our parting. Landaeta loaded me and my baggage in a canoe and we drifted slowly away, leaving on the vast beach a few human beings alone in a strange world, but not lonesome, since they live with their gods.

Economic Life

The Yaruros practice no agriculture and keep no domestic animals except the dog, even though they inhabit country over which roam wild horses and cattle, and they come in contact with the "llaneros," who are typically pastoral. Therefore, their daily dinner is dependent upon, and determined by, indigenous environment and their own energy. The quality and abundance of their food supply depends upon seasonal variations of climate. A period of drought or a too prolonged period of rain may cause famine. They would be allowed a degree of freedom from the daily task of acquiring dinner were they able to store any food for future use. The tropics, however, offer special difficulties to this which are not present in more temperate climates. Their knowledge of what is edible in various localities, where to find it, how to gather it, and how to keep it and what is available at different times of the year are all factors important to the satisfaction of their most fundamental need. Technical knowledge in the making of tools and methods of hunting and fishing are also important.

As if not satisfied by the degree of their dependency on it, and on their technical knowledge, primitives often self-impose other limitations. There may be an abundance of a particular animal which could be hunted easily or a particular plant which could be gathered in quantity, yet the primitives very often raise barriers against such practices. The fact that they have religious and perhaps magical reasons for such attitudes explains but does not change the situation. Thus, for instance, among them deer may be plentiful in a region, the people may be starving, and yet no deer is killed and eaten.[1]

Limitations such as these are not entirely imposed by nature and by the culture of the people; often, the proximity and the attitude of other groups of mankind play their part. A weak tribe will be restricted in its lands over which it may wander, hunt, and claim ownership, and very often may be reduced to seeking a less desirable environment where food is even scarcer. Or a new people may seize its lands and they will be prohibited even from hunting on these lands. Or there may be an influx of peoples who will live partially on the hunt also, though their main source of food may be agricultural.

[1] The peoples of the Kuluene river, Matto Grosso, Brazil, will not hunt nor eat deer.

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The first fact that holds our attention is that Yaruros are strongly ethically conscious. Every shamanistic performance is the means for the propagation of ethical teachings. The shaman, or as the Yaruros believe, the gods and their dead ancestors speaking through the shaman, admonish various individuals and lay down the law for proper conduct. They hold the threat also that misconduct will be displeasing to the mother goddess and as a result life with her will not be as pleasant as it would be if they followed her precepts in this world.

According to the Yaruro philosophy the world is, by its nature, good and it was created by Kuma as a good thing. If any evil exists it has been introduced by men, who have forgotten or come to disregard the laws laid down by the goddess. The world, if unsullied by men, is a perfect integration of the elements which function for the good of mankind. Unfortunately, at times men will disturb the structure. There is implied in this the existence of free will for mankind, since it can change or disturb what was created by Kuma. And if we have recourse to the legends, we find that perhaps the lower animals have free will also, although it is exercised by them much more rarely than by mankind.

Kuma appears also as the teacher of ethical laws. She told the people, told Hatchawa, and now tells the shamans: to live in peace with each other; to respect each other; to help each other; to live good lives; to take care of the parents-in-law and the children-in law. When the wife is ill or otherwise the mother-in-law should look after the needs of her son-in-law, although they do not speak to each other. The Yaruros will find recompense for such moral living after death. They are poor on this earth but will be rich like Kuma in the other world.

During my stay the women remained bashful, never speaking directly to me, and when I approached generally looking away. In the latter days they would laugh merrily as they fled. Their culture does not permit free social intercourse with men, but any request on my part relayed to them through their husbands or brothers was eagerly complied with, and with better than good humor.

All were helpful toward each other and there did not appear to be any dissension. Extreme care was taken that a person's rights and prerogatives were not infringed upon. The husband never seemed to request anything of his wife that did not lie in her province, and when strange demands were made to please me, entire freedom was given to the wife, or daughter, to do as it pleased her. Any misfortune, however slight or serious, that would produce some expression of anger among white people was met by the Yaruros with merry laughter. At night each family group lay on the sands

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535 791 with the stamping of the right foot on the off-beat, but whenever the shaman is giving a really good performance his whole body responds to the dance and he may shake as violently as the rattle in his hand. His people may also throw themselves into a dance, making a series of jerky movements, bending from the waist downward and up again.

533 539 One of the typical songs of Kuma was a greeting to me. She said:

Greetings, man, greetings. Your wife is waiting. She is not dead, nor is she sick, but she is thinking that her husband has been away so long that perhaps he is dead. She is good and loves her husband who is sick, which is good. But it is good that he is with me (Kuma speaking) and with my people. He is a good man. He gives me a cigar. I shall give him a horse when he is born again in my (Kuma) land. I shall give him much silver when he is born again in Kuma Land. I love him, the good man, and I shall love him in my land. In the other land, my land, he gave me drink like you my people. Like you my people, everyone will come to my land, the Yaruro land.

FEMALE SHAMANISM

791 787 554 776 It proved impossible to learn much about those things in which the women are chiefly or exclusively interested. The shamans seem to be as influential among both sexes as the men are, and they seem to acquire their power and prestige through dreams or revelations in the same way as the male shamans do. In the case of the women it seems that India Rosa must appear in a dream rather than Kuma. In the legends it is India Rosa who taught the women the various arts and crafts, so in shamanism she is the chief spiritual power. During the day, both Kuma and India Rosa are pictured as resting in their hammocks. Because of that the women shamans sing sitting in their hammocks, swaying back and forth, during the day. Apparently it is believed that by imitating the picture of Kuma and India Rosa they can reach the two spiritual forces more easily. These shamans never perform at night, although they will sing with the male shaman when the latter is giving a performance.

535 791 534 The gourd rattle seems to be an instrument which only the shamans can use with immunity and as a means of conversing with Kuma. The women do not have these rattles. Their singing is done unaccompanied by any musical instrument or by any dancing. Dancing is performed only at night, when it is led by the male shaman.

609 123 The nature of the visions experienced by the female shamans remained unknown to me. As has been mentioned before, social intercourse between man and woman, unless closely related by blood or marriage, is prohibited. It is a social taboo which apparently is never violated and which no amount of bribery could break down. It seemed best to respect this custom, even though it were at the expense of remaining ignorant of many phases of Yaruro culture practiced by the women. So, in the case of shamanism, although the

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women sang to me and for me, I was not able to learn anything about their conceptions of the universe nor any other matter.

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On one occasion Landaeta, the shaman, invited Juan Bario's band to participate in a performance. The women prepared for it by painting the face with stamped designs—stamps smeared with oily stuff, stamped on the face, then the entire face, from eyebrows down, was covered with a thick coat of red ocher. It stuck where the grease was. The hair was worn in one braid down the back. They wore their best dresses.

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In anticipation of a long night, I lay down on the sands to rest, if possible. However, the skies interested the Yaruros. Landaeta and his people lay beside me to talk about the heavens. From that we passed to a discussion of Hatchawa, who, according to Landaeta, had said that I was well known to him and a good friend. In order to test the shaman I told him that I was anxious about my family whom I had left so long ago, and I asked him to find out about my wife, son, and general family from Hatchawa, which he promised to do. The conversation went back to the stars, and as the big dipper began to rise over the northern horizon Landaeta disappeared in the darkness. Soft conversation continued, and then came Juan Bario and his family to join us.

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A few words of warm friendship with Juan Bario and we went to joint Landaeta, who was sitting ready to begin. Landaeta had withdrawn to the west of the camp, and put on his shamanistic breechclout and head-cloth, which consisted of a sort of headkerchief. His son Brigido sat behind him; to the right of Landaeta sat Brigida, his wife, and next to her, her sister. Juan Bario and I sat back a little.

Unlike our own religious ceremonies, there was no attempt at artificial seriousness. The children played about noisily, without reproof, under the very nose of the shaman, some of the men jested and laughed, others conversed more quietly, etc. In other words, the imminent communion with the gods was an event of festive proportions, and no restraints were placed on the normal and natural behavior.

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Landaeta began to sing and he was accompanied by a few of the attendants. In the meanwhile small fires had appeared here and there, and at these were lighted the long green leaf-covered cigars. None smoked an entire cigar, following the general custom of sharing with the other fellow. The songs at first were accompanied with faint rattling of the macaua, but this became stronger and stronger as the shaman approached the Land of Kuma. Finally at midnight—almost on the stroke—the shaman announced in his song that he had reached the desired land. The singing became more intense, faster, and everyone seemed to take more interest.